

ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1893.

Tales of the Times.

TRUE STORIES AND FANCIFUL YARNS ILLUSTRATIVE OF MODERN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

TOWARD the close of the recent war between Chili and Peru, the Peruvians found themselves quite shut in from the outside world by the Chilian blockading fleet that lay off the harbor of Callao. With two exceptions, the Peruvian navy had all been captured or destroyed by the enemy, and these two remaining ships, vessel of low speed and little power, were moored behind the breakwater, absolutely useless for purposes of war. With all their power of opposing the enemy gone, the Peruvians turned their attention toward destroying some of the hostile ships that lay a few miles off, a constant menace to the city of Callao. Frequent futile attempts were made to blow up the Chilian cruisers with torpedoes, but the Chilians were too alert and succeeded in avoiding or destroying the deadly missiles. One forenoon, says *Harper's Young People*, the picket vessel of the Chilian fleet, a small steam gunboat, was cruising inshore to take a near look at the town and fortifications. While steaming slowly along a boat was discovered drifting down with the current. A near inspection proved it to be a fine new whale-boat, with oars and sails and complete outfit. The commander of the Chilian steamed close up to the boat and ordered tackles rigged for hoisting the prize on board. The tackles were hooked, and the men on deck walked away to the pipe of the boatswain's whistle. Suddenly, as the boat left the water, a terrific explosion took place, tearing the boat to atoms, and crushing in the gunboat's side at the water line, so that she filled and sank, leaving her startled crew struggling in the water. Most of them were rescued by boats from the foreign men-of-war lying near, but some were never seen again. The boat was a cunningly devised weapon, having a double bottom filled with a powerful explosive, with a fuse, and detonators connected to the bolts to which the tackles hooked. When the strain came on the bolts, as the boat rose from the water, the fuse was ignited and the explosion followed.

ONE OF DEPEW'S STORIES.

SPEAKING of the way some of his pet stories were denuded of pith by those who, after hearing them from his lips, told them to others, Chauncy Depew said recently: "A coon story I told in Boston half a dozen years ago is still going the rounds. I have collected 100 versions of it, and I would not venture to guess how many have escaped me. Were it not that I caught the first ones and followed up the trail I would never, within a month after telling it, have recognized my own story. The great joke is that I have heard gentlemen repeat one or other of the emasculated versions with the assurance that they were among the hunters. As the yarn went, some coon hunters following a hot track found the dogs barking around a big sycamore on the edge of a shallow stream. The hunters thought they saw the coon in the tree-top, and one fellow climbed to shake it off. Fifty feet or so above the earth the climber encountered a big bump that encircled the tree. With great difficulty he at last climbed over the obstruction, and was much charmed to find that what he took to be a coon was but a woody excrescence. Then he shinned down to the bump, over which he slid feet first, but wriggle and stretch as best he could he could not bring his legs to the trunk below. The bump prevented it. He crawled up again and shouted to his comrades: 'Oh, lordy, boys, I'm tred sted of the coon, an' I'll stay here till Gabriel blows less the river rises 50 feet' floats me off. Some of the adaptless people, the constituting the bump holding the hunter at bay, others have the river rising in the nick of time, and the third class firing the other hunters up the sycamore and over the bump until the three are tred and praying for a high stage of water."

LAST OF A STRANGE BAND

AN INTERESTING story came to the surface at Friday evening's mid-week meeting at the old Stone church. The Hon. George H. Ely related an incident of woman's faith that came under his notice during a recent trip through the Holy Land. In company with four or five tourists, Mr. Ely was seated on a piazza of a hotel in Jaffa, when his attention was called to half a dozen boys playing in the street below. All but one of the boys had swarthy complexions characteristic of the country, and the one exception was light-complexioned with perfect Caucasian features.

"That boy," said one of the gentlemen, "looks to me as though he belonged to the streets of New York instead of Jaffa." Their interest in the little fellow was aroused to such an extent that they went down to inquire, and, to their surprise, he spoke a little English. He said he lived with his mother a short distance up the street, and the party, including Mr. Ely, walked up the street and entered the woman's house, which proved to be a hovel of the worst kind. They addressed her in English, and she was beside herself with joy to hear her native tongue spoken, and to their utter astonishment, she told them that her home is in Maine.

"Maine, my good woman, what in the world are you doing here?" asked one of the party.

The woman then explained that many years since a number of men and women in the Maine village she came from were carried away with the idea that the second coming of Christ was near at hand, and that when He does come He will first appear in Palestine. A colony scraped up all their savings of years, and with their families they emigrated to Java to be on hand when Jesus appears.

"Do they all live here?" was asked.

"They did," she replied, "but some of them, discouraged and tired of waiting, went back to America, the rest died and I am here all alone with my boy."

"And how do you support yourself?"

"By washing for strangers, and I have

a hard time doing it. Some weeks all I can do is to keep from starvation."

One of the men told the woman that Jaffa was no place for her, and advised her to go back to America with her boy, give him a good American education, and bring him up as an American citizen, but the woman simply smiled at the suggestion.

Returning to the hotel, the gentlemen, all of whom were well to do, squared out the cost of sending the woman and her boy back to her native village in Maine, made up a purse and threw it into the room. He continues his story:

The sound of a single shot awakened me. I sprang from my bed, on which I had thrown myself without undressing, and went to the foot of the stairway. Through the door I saw a crowd around the prostrate form of a man near the dealer's chair, and I heard expressions of "He's a gone!" "He's passed it his checks," and the like. My friend of lynch sympathies approached me, pointed to the motionless body, and whispered the single word "Habert!" The prostrate man was the gambler, and he was dead.

A witness at the inquest next day gave substantially the following account of "scrap," as he called it: The table was full, and two boys from the mining camp were bucking the tiger. Every time there was a pile on any card the bank won. One of the mining boys asked if it was a skin game. The owner swore it was square. "He never played anything but a square game. He didn't believe it would be safe to put up a skin game on that crowd."

"Right you are," said the miner. "It wouldn't be safe. I'd as lief not play; but if I am in the game has got to be square, or maybe authur'll happen. Your dealer there is quick on the shoot, I know, and I don't believe he's square. Oh, you needn't slide your hand down to your pocket that way. See?" and in a flash he had the pull on him.

"I was not going to draw on you," said the dealer, as he took up the pack.

"All right," said the miner. "I was only saying don't you deal two cards, me again. I don't know as you dealt two cards, but you tried," he continued, as he lowered his revolver.

After that the game went on very quietly. The mining boys lost a good pile, then their luck turned and they played it in fashion. There were only three cards in the box when one of the boys coppered the nine of clubs for 10 twenty-dollar gold pieces. I never saw anything done quicker.

The next card was the bank's. He dealt it and turned it up. Before he could lay it on the pile the miner had plugged him. As he fell two cards dropped from his fingers. The miner said, "That play was for Billy Osborne!"

The jury returned a verdict that the shooting was in self-defense. It seemed to satisfy everybody. As I was about entering the stage the next day my lecturing friend, who was in a reflective mood, said:

"Was it Cicero or Tacitus who wrote 'Alio species, alteri quod fecerit?'" It is an

old doctrine in a Nevada poker shop as in the Roman senate. The gambler got what he had given to Osborne and no doubt to many others. It was the best disposition that could have been made of him, for himself, and certainly for the community."

IMMORTALITY-A STRANGE VIEW.

If life everlasting is gained through belief

And works are but ashes and dross,

Then what will become of the millions of men

Who never have heard of the cross?"

Christ set an example, and those who obey

In deeds, though their lips may be mute,

Still dwell in a land of perpetual day,

And play the triangle and flute.

Alas, for the poor, cringing worm of the dust,

Who, fearing the torments of hell,

Gets after salvation with wordly pretense,

Professions that sound very well;"

But clings to the sorrid desires of the flesh,

And works for himself like a slave.

That man has no promise of life over there;

His journey ends short at the grave.

"The wages of sin," says the book of the law,

"Are death," which means nothing but death;

The soul is destroyed by the cancer of sin.

And yields up its life with its breath.

The crowd rather sullenly acquiesced.

They got the sheriff and his prisoner in the middle and forced them into the road in front of where we were sitting. There they halted, and I heard subdued expressions of "Let's take him to the coroner!" "Who's got a rope?" "A lasso will answer?" Some one in the crowd shouted: "He has shot Billy Osborne!" and the murmur was increased.

"What do they want to do with this man?" I asked of the superintendent.

"Hang him, I reckon," he replied.

"If he has killed Osborne I am rather in favor of it myself."

This cool proposition to lynch the fellow shocked me. Meantime the sheriff was shouting and threatening, but I saw that he was in fear that the prisoner might be taken out of his hands. I rose impulsively and addressed the crowd. I urged them not to commit another murder, but to have the man tried. "He didn't give Billy no show!" said one. "He was worth a hundred like him."

"No matter about that," I said. "Anybody is entitled to a trial. Convict him, and then hang him as soon as you like."

It was evident that I was making but little impression. They seemed to listen to my earnestness with a kind of amused expression. The young sheriff's deputy, however, took the opportunity to work his man toward the edge of the crowd, near the mouth of a drift into the mine. Suddenly he shoved his prisoner inside, placed himself in front of the opening, revolver in hand, and said:

"I don't like to disappoint you, boys, but I am an officer, and I am bound to hold this man and commit him to jail. I know the inside of this mine. There is

no place to get into or out of it but here.

The man inside don't come out until I have bound him so that he cannot get away. You had better give up the chase, boys, or turn in and help us tie him!"

One of the miners, Judge Chittenden reports, remonstrated with him for having aided in saving the murderer from the lynchers.

"He will not escape punishment," I replied. "Upon the evidence he must be indicted and convicted, and he ought to be hung."

"Do you think so? How little you know about this sage bush country! He is in

no danger from the law, and he knows it. He will employ lawyers, hire gamblers to swear falsely, and probably be acquitted. If not, the worst that will happen, will be that the jury will disagree and he will get out on straw ball. There is only one way to deal with such wretches. They are only good to stretch a lasso. I have had 25 years' experience, and I know."

The miner was right. The murderer was acquitted on a plea of self-defense, and, instead of leaving the camp at once, began dealing in a faro game the night after the acquittal. Judge Chittenden had a bedroom directly over the gambling room. He continues his story:

The sound of a single shot awakened me. I sprang from my bed, on which I had thrown myself without undressing, and went to the foot of the stairway. Through the door I saw a crowd around the prostrate form of a man near the dealer's chair, and I heard expressions of "He's a gone!" "He's passed it his checks," and the like. My friend of lynch sympathies approached me, pointed to the motionless body, and whispered the single word "Habert!" The prostrate man was the gambler, and he was dead.

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JOY MADE HIM A MANIAC.

P. S. LEMOS, a young Contra

Costa county ranchman, came to

Oakland to-day to get married,

says the San Francisco Examiner. He met

his bride for the first time in nine years,

and was this evening committed to Agnews